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# SONGS

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Eleventh  
Annual Meeting  
..of..  
The Associated  
Harvard Clubs




# S O N G S



Eleventh Annual Meeting  
...OF...  
The Associated Harvard Clubs

HELD AT  
Detroit, Michigan  
May Thirty-first and June first  
nineteen hundred and seven



## Glory for the Crimson

[TUNE OF "JOHN BROWN'S BODY."]

Raise the Crimson ensign to the place it held of yore!  
In the loyal spirit that shall live for evermore!  
The sun will set in Crimson as the sun has set before,  
For this is Harvard's Day!


### *Chorus*

Glory! glory for the Crimson!  
Glory! glory for the Crimson!  
Glory! glory for the Crimson!  
For this is Harvard's Day!

## Up the Street

Look where the Crimson banners fly!  
Hark! to the sound of tramping feet!  
There is a host approaching nigh—  
Harvard is marching up the street,  
Onward to victory again!  
Marching with drum-beat and with song—  
Hear the refrain  
As it thunders along—as it thunders along!

Behold! they come in view  
Who wear the Crimson hue!  
Whose arms are strong, whose hearts are true!  
Ever to Harvard, ever to Harvard!  
And Harvard's glory shall be our aim,  
And through the ages the sound shall roll,  
When altogether we cheer her name—  
When we cheer her with heart and soul!



## Down with Yale

[TUNE OF "OUR DIRECTOR."]

Hard luck for poor old Eli!  
Tough on the blue;  
Now, altogether,  
Smash them and break through!  
||'Gainst the line of Crimson  
They can't prevail.  
Three cheers for Harvard!  
And down with Yale!  
Rah! Rah! Rah! ||  
[Repeating.]

## 23 to 0

[TUNE, "POM, TIDDLEY OM POM."]

The sons of Harvard, so 'tis said,  
Pom tiddley om pom, pom tiddley om,  
A journey to New Haven made,  
Pom tiddley om pom pay;  
Not long ago to play a game,  
Pom tiddley om pom, pom tiddley om,,  
With Eli's sons well known to fame,  
Pom tiddley om pom pay;  
"To win," they said, "we cannot fail,"  
Pom tiddley om pom, pom tiddley om,  
"O come and see us knock out Yale!"  
Pom tiddley om pom pay.

### *Chorus*

Thus they sang,  
And loud their chorus rang;  
"The Crimson will once more,  
Roll up a great big score,  
To defeat, old Eli we shall treat,"  
Pom tiddley om pom, pom tiddley om pom,  
Pom tiddley om pom pay.

There's no need telling, you've all heard,  
Pom tiddley om pom, pom tiddley om,  
About the game,—and what occurred,  
Pom tiddley om pom pay;  
But to the Crimson, we'll be true,  
Pom tiddley om pom, pom tiddley om,  
And to the wearers of the Blue,  
Pom tiddley om pom pay;  
There's but one thing, we now will say,  
Pom tiddley om pom, pom tiddley om,  
We'll meet again some other day,  
Pom tiddley om pom pay.





## Oh, Promise Me!

[WITH APOLIGIES TO REGINALD DE KOVEN.]

Oh promise me! that when I call again,  
You'll chloroform the family at ten;  
Oh darling, it does not conduce to love,  
To hear your father thump the floor above,  
I called to see YOU, and not your old Aunt Jane;  
Your little brother Bill GIVES me a pain;  
Oh, strangle him, and send the bill to me;  
Oh promise me! oh promise me!

## Drink, Puppy, Drink

Here's to the fox in his Earth below the rocks!  
And here's to the line that we follow,  
And here's to the hound with his nose upon the ground,  
Though merrily we whoop and we holloa.

### *Chorus*

Then drink, puppy drink,  
And let every puppy drink,  
That is old enough to lap and to swallow,  
For he'll grow into a hound,  
So we'll pass the bottle 'round,  
And merrily we'll whoop and we'll holloa.

Here's to the horse, and the rider, too, of course,  
And here's to the rally o' the hunt, boys,  
Here's a health to every friend, who can struggle to the end  
And here's to the Tally-Ho in front, boys.



## Zizzy, Ze Zum, Zum, Zum !

A happy little chappie at the club one day,  
Had nothing at all to do,  
So he wrote a little ditty, in a rag time way,  
And sang a verse or two,  
And the other little chappies, when they heard that song,  
They said, It's a peach by gum;  
And they all joined in, and sang like sin,  
Ze zizzy, ze zum, zum, zum.

### *Chorus*

Ze zizzy, ze zum, zum, zizzy ze zum, zum,  
That was the rag refrain,  
Zizzy, ze zum, zum, zizzy ze zum,  
It drove them all insane,  
From the yappy of the chappie to the deep bazoo,  
Of the raggedy-tag old bum,  
The whole town rang with the rattlety bang,  
Of ze zizzy, ze zum, zum, zizzy ze zum, zizzy ze zum, zum, zum.

The nearest little, sweetest little maiden gay,  
With a little woolly dog on a chain,  
Was skipping and a tripping on her homeward way,  
And caught the rag refrain.  
And she sang it to the spieler of the belfry chimes,  
And he to his belfry clumb,  
And the chime he chome, in the glimmering gloam,  
Was, ze zizzy, ze zum, zum, zum.

The happy little chappie got a dreadful jolt,  
When he thought of this awful crime,  
So he took his little ditty and he tried to bolt,  
They caught him just in time,  
He is tenting and repenting on a red hot stove,  
Where the little red devils come,  
And they don't do a thing,  
But make him sing,  
Ze zizzy, ze zum, zum, zum.





## Funiculi, Funicula

Some think the world is made for fun and frolic,  
And so do I, and so do I;  
Some think it well to be all melancholic,  
To pine and sigh, to pine and sigh;  
But I, I love to spend my time in singing,  
Some joyous song, some joyous song.  
To set the air with music bravely ringing,  
Is far from wrong! Is far from wrong!

### *Chorus*

Listen, listen, echoes sound afar!  
Listen, listen, echoes sound afar!  
Tra la la la, tra la la la, tra la la la, tra la la la,  
Echoes sound afar, tra la la la, tra la la la.

Ah me! 'tis strange that some should take to sighing  
And like it well, and like it well!  
For me, I have not thought it worth the trying,  
So cannot tell, so cannot tell!  
With laugh and dance and song the day soon passes,  
Full soon is gone, full soon is gone!  
For mirth was made for joyous lads and lassies,  
To call their own, to call their own!

## Just One Girl

I'm in love with a sweet little girlie,  
Only one, only one;  
I meet her each morning quite early,  
Rain or sun, rain or sun;  
To work we go walking together,  
Just as gay as can be,  
We're truly two birds of a feather,  
Just one little girl and me.

### *Chorus*

Just one girl, only just one girl,  
There are others, I know, but they're not my Pearl;  
Sun or rain, She is just the same,  
I'll be happy forever with just one girl.

To be married we'er old enough, plenty,  
She and I, she and I;  
She's eighteen and I will be twenty,  
Bye and bye, bye and bye;  
Although we are short as to money,  
What care we, what care we?  
The're only two flies in the honey,  
Just one little girl and me.

## A Little Bit off the Top

Brown's a very old friend of mine,  
And I went to his house to dine,  
Some of the aristocracy was there;  
Not a one of them came in late,  
And every one of them piled his plate;  
'Twas fun to watch the animals, I declare.  
The waiter came into the room with a pudding of wondrous size,  
And though they ate enough to feed a town,  
A leader of society completely lost his etiquette,  
And yelled out to the host, Hey Mister Brown,

### *Chorus*

Carve a little bit off the top for me, for me,  
Just a little bit off the top for me, for me,  
Saw me off a yard or two, I'll tell you when to stop,  
All I want is a little bit off the top.

I went out in the fields one day,  
Saw a beautiful pile of hay,  
Under it I made up my mind to creep,  
Covered myself with hay, you know,  
Had nothing to worry my mind and so,  
I started gently rocking myself to sleep.  
I woke and found, to my surprise, a couple had come to "spoon."  
They were sitting right upon my blooming head;  
They didn't know that I was there;  
I stood it for an hour or two,  
Then very politely to the couple said,

### *Chorus*

Move a little bit off the top for me, for me,  
Shift a little bit off the top for me, for me,  
Take away the gentleman, the lady she can stop;  
All I want is a little bit off the top.



## Soldiers in the Park

Where's the music that is half so sweet—  
Ta ra ra, ta ta, ta ra ra, ta ta, ta ra ra, ta ta ta!  
As the trample of the soldiers' feet?  
Ta ra ra, ta ta, ta ra ra, ta ta, ta ra ra, ta ta ta!  
Come and listen to the march they play—  
Ta ra ra, ta ta, ta ra ra, ta ta, ta ra ra, ta ta ta!  
I can hear them from afar,  
With their gay ta-ran-ta-ra,  
And I know they're coming nearer, for they always pass this  
Ta ra ta, ta ra ta, ta ra ta!

### *Chorus*

Oh, listen to the band!  
How merrily they play!  
"Oh, don't you think it grand?"  
Hear ev'ry-body say,  
Oh, listen to the band!  
Who doesn't love to hark—  
To the shout of "Here they come!"  
And the banging of the drum?  
Oh, listen to the soldiers in the park!—

How the children and the nurse maids run,  
Ta ra ra, ta ta, ta ra ra, ta ta, ta ra ra, ta ta ta!  
See their faces as they cry "what fun!"  
Ta ra ra, ta ta, ta ra ra, ta ta, ta ra ra, ta ta ta!  
Crowds are flocking from the marble arch,  
Ta ra ra, ta ta, ta ra ra, ta ta, ta ra ra, ta ta ta!  
And they race across the grass  
Just to see the soldiers pass,  
For there's magic in the music of a military march.  
Ta ra ta, ta ra ta, ta ra ta!

## The Crimson

Up boys!  
Let us have a cheer  
For the good old crimson,  
Hats off!  
Wave your colors high  
For Harvard's day has come,  
Harvard!  
We will win the game,  
Mid the banners gay,  
Upon the field,  
Old Yale must yield  
To Harvard's sway.

## Every Little Something

Give us your attention,  
While some facts we mention,  
Old as they may be, and yet they're funny too,  
Tho' the book don't show them,  
Some of you may know them,  
Those that don't, at least will know that they are true,  
Wonders never ceasing,  
Constantly increasing,  
Till at last you hardly can believe your eyes,  
Things that seem romantic,  
Make you laugh till frantic,  
When we've told you what we mean,  
Twill cause you much surprise.

### CHORUS.

Ev'ry Hire's Beer has its little Root,  
Ev'ry "Shoot the" has its little "Chute,"  
Ev'ry Sub-way has its little Sub,  
Ev'ry Toe has got its little Stub,  
Ev'ry William has his little Tell,  
Ev'ry El Road gets its little "El,"  
Ev'ry Armour has its "Ham What Am,"  
Ev'ry "Amster" has its little "dam."

Every Widow has her little Weeds,  
Every Whiskey has its little Beads,  
Every College has its little Yell,  
Every William has his little Tell,  
Every Stove-pipe has its little Length,  
Every Onion has its little Strength,  
Every Wiener has its little Wurst,  
Every Journal has its little Hearst.

Ev'ry Board Bill has its little Board,  
Ev'ry Sword-fish has its little Sword,  
Ev'ry Jailor has his little Cell,  
Ev'ry William has his little Tell,  
Ev'rv Sea-shore has its little Sea,  
Ev'rv Cod-fish has its C. O. D.,  
Ev'ry Oyster has its little Pearl,  
Ev'ry Lobster has his Chorus Girl.

